

THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY:
A
COLLECTION
OF
CHOICE SONGS

SCOTS AND ENGLISH

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME III, & IV.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

A NEW EDITION.

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THE

COLLECTION

CHOICE SONGS

AND

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME II

BY ALAN R. L. RAY

NEW EDITION

BROWN

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

OXFORD

A
COLLECTION.
OF
CHOICE SONGS.

*When we behold her angel face,
Or when she sings with heavenly grace,
In what we hear and what we see,
How ravishing's the harmony!
No charms like Celia's voice surprise,
Except the music of her eyes.*

LANSDOWN.

VOLUME III.

SONG I.

A Nymph of the plain,
By a jolly young swain
By a jolly young swain,
Was address'd to be kind:
But relentless I find
To his prayers she appear'd
Tho' himself he endear'd,
In a manner so soft so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
I cannot express;
But he lov'd to excess.
And he swore he would die,
If she would not comply,
In a manner so soft so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet

While blushes like roses
 Which nature composes,
 Which nature composes,
 Vermillion'd her face,
 With an ardour and grace,
 Which her lover improv'd,
 When he found he had mov'd,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

When wak'd from the joy,
 Which their souls did employ,
 Which their souls did employ,
 From her ruby warm lips,
 Thousand odours he sips,
 At the sight of her eyes
 He faints and he dies,
 In a manner so soft so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

But how they shall part
 Now becomes all the smart,
 Now becomes all the smart,
 Till he vow'd to his fair,
 That to ease his own care,
 He would meet her again,
 And till then be in pain,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.



S O N G. II.

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to me
 Which ah ! too long have dwelt on thee ;
 But if from thee they've learn'd such ill,
 To sweetly smile
 And then beguile,
 Keep the deceivers, keep them still,
 Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain ;

But if it has been taught by thine,
 To forfeit both,
 Its word and oath,
 Keep it for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me home my heart and eyes,
 That I may see and know thy lies,
 And laugh one day perhaps when thou
 Shalt grieve for one
 Thy love will scorn
 And prove as false as thou art now.

S O N G. III.

WHILST I fondly view the charmer,
 Thus the god of love I sue
 Gentle Cupid, pray disarm her
 Cupid, if you love me do:
 Of a thousand sweets bereave her,
 Rob her neck, her lips. her eyes,
 The remainder still will leave her
 Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and feature, flame and passion
 Still in every breast will move,
 More is supererogation,
 Mere idolatry of love
 You may dress a world of Chloes
 In the beauties she can spare;
 Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is
 To your altars or the fair.

Foolish mortal pray be easy,
 Angry Cupid made reply,
 Do Florella's charms displease you?
 Die then foolish mortal die:
 Fancy not that I'll deprive her
 Of the captivating store;
 Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
 Twenty thousand beauties more.

Were Florella proud and sour,
 Apt to mock a lover's care;
 Justly then you'd pray that power
 Shou'd be taken from the fair:
 But tho' I spread a blemish o'er her,
 No relief in that you'll find;
 Still fond shepherd you'll adore her
 For the beauties of her mind.

S O N G IV.

TEN years like Troy my stubborn heart,
 Withstood th' assault of fond desire:
 But now, alas I feel a smart,
 Poor I, like Troy, am set on fire.

With care we may a pile secure,
 And from all common sparks defend
 But Oh! who can a house secure
 When the celestial flames descend.

Thus was I safe, till from your eyes
 Destructive fires are brightly given
 Ah! who can shun the warm surprise,
 When lo! the lightning comes from heaven.

S O N G V.

WHILST I gaze on Chloe trembling
 Straight her eyes my fate declare
 When she smiles I fear dissembling,
 When she frowns I then despair.
 Jealous of some rival lover,
 If a wandering look she give;
 Fain I would resolve to leave her
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my passion,
 Or the torments I endure?
 I will disclose my inclination;
 Awful distance yields no cure,

Sure it is not in her nature,
 To be cruel to her slave ;
 She is too divine a creature
 To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination
 Warms but with a gentle heat ;
 Never mounts to raging passion,
 Love's a torment if too great.
 When the storm is once blown over,
 Soon the ocean quiet grows ;
 But a constant faithful lover
 Seldom meets with true repose.

S O N G VI.

My days have been so wondrous free,
 The little birds that fly,
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest'd as I.
 Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine encreas'd their stream ;
 Nor ask the flying gales if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught :
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.
 An eager hope within my breast
 Does every doubt controul ;
 And lovely Nancy stands confess'd
 The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love ;
 With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,

O reach a young unpractis'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.
 The very thoughts of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.
 'Tis true the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress;
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

S O N G VII.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black ey'd Susan came on board;
 O! where shall I my true love find!
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew.
 William, who high upon the yard;
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
 The cords slides gently thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.
 So the sweet lark high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear),
 And drops at once into her nest:
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips these kisses sweet.
 O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again:
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points at thee.
 Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They'll tell, the sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find;

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go ;

If to fair India's coast we sail,
'Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright
'Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale ;
Thy skin is ivory so white ;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard ;
They kiss'd she sigh'd ; he hung his head
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land
Adieu she cries ; and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G VIII.

SWEET are the charms of her I love
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove
Gentle as winds when zephyrs blow,
Refreshing, as descending rains
To sun burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun,
Constant as gliding water roll
Whose swelling tides obey the moon
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee,

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours
 The dam the tender kid pursues,
 Sweet Philomel in shady bowers
 Of verdant spring her note renews;
 All follow what they most desire
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face
 And vary as the seasons rise;
 As winter to the spring gives place
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
 And marble towers and walls of brass
 In his rude march he levels low;
 But time destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart,
 The gentle godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding heart
 To mingle with the bless'd above,
 Where known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair the soul,
 Twin born from heaven together came
 Love will the universe controul.
 When dying seasons lose their name
 Divine abodes shall own his power,
 When time and death shall be no more,

SONG IX.

FAIR Iris and her swain
 Were in a shady bower,
 Where Thirsis long in vain
 Had fought the happy hour

At length, his hand advancing
 Upon her snowy breast,
 He said, O ! kifs me longer,
 Longer yet, and longer,
 If you would make me blest.

I R I S.

An easy yielding maid
 By trusting is undone,
 Our sex is oft betray'd
 By granting love too soon ;
 If you desire to gain me,
 Your sufferings to redress,
 Prepare to love me longer,
 Longer yet and longer,
 Before you shall possess.

T H I R S I S.

The little care you show,
 Of all my sorrows past
 Makes death appear too slow,
 And life too long to last ;
 Oh, Iris, kifs me kindly,
 In pity of my fate,
 Fair Iris : kifs me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly,
 Before it be too late.

I R I S.

You fondly court your blifs,
 And no advances make :
 'Tis not for maids to kifs,
 But 'tis for men to take ;
 So may you kifs me kindly,
 And I will not rebel,
 Thirsis may kifs me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly ;
 But never kifs and tell.

ALTERNATIVE.

And may I kifs you kindly ?
 Yes, you may kifs me kindly.
 And kindly still and kindly ?
 And kindly still and kindly ;

And will you not rebel.
 And I will not rebel.
 Then, love, I'll kiss thee kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly,
 But never kiss and tell.

SONG X.

Ah! bright Belinda, hither fly,
 And such a light discover,
 As may the absent sun supply,
 And cheer a drooping lover.

Arise, my day, with speed arise,
 And all my sorrows banish;
 Before the sun of thy bright eyes
 All gloomy terrors banish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,
 And curse the hoarded treasure;
 Why should you love to give us pain,
 When you were made for pleasure?

The petty pow'rs of hell destroy;
 To save the pride of heav'n:
 To you the first, If you prove coy:
 If kind, the last is giv'n.

The choice then sure's not hard to make
 Betwixt a good and evil:
 Which title had you rather take,
 My goddess, or, my devil?

SONG XI.

FIE! Liza, scorn the little arts
 Which meaner beauties use,
 Who think they ne'er secure our hearts,
 Unless they still refuse;

Are coy and shy ; will seem to frown
 To raise our passion higher
 But when the poor delight is known
 It quickly palls desire.

Come let's not trifle time away
 Or stop you know not why
 Your blushes and your eyes betray
 What death you mean to die !

Let all your maiden fears be gone,
 And love no more be cost
 Ah ! Liza, when the joys are known,
 You'll curse the minutes past.

S O N G XII.

BE wary my Celia, when Celadon sues
 These wits are the bane of your charms,
 Beauty, play'd against reason will certainly lose,
 Warring naked with robbers in arms.

Young Damon despis'd for his plainness of parts
 Has worth that a women would prize ;
 He'll run the race out tho' he heavily starts
 And distance the short winded wife.

Your fool is a saint in the temple of love
 And kneels all his life there to pray ;
 Your 'wit but looks in, and makes haste to remove,
 'Tis a stage he but takes in his way.

S O N G XIII.

STELLA and Flavia, every hour,
 Do various hearts surprise ;
 In Stella's soul lies all her power,
 And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
 In Stella's more confin'd
 All can discern a face that's fair,
 But few a lovely mind.

Stella like Britains monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated lands ;
 Like castren tyrant' Flavia deigns
 To rule o'er barren barren sands.

Then boast, Fair Flavia boast thy face,
 Thy beauty's only store ;
 Thy charms will every day decrease,
 Each day gives Stella more.

S O N G X I V .

OF ALL the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally
 She is the darling of my heart
 And she lives in our alley.
 There is no lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as Sally
 She is the darling of my heart
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
 And through the streets does cry'em
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em :
 But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work
 I love her so sincerely
 My master comes like any Turk
 And bangs me most severely
 But let him bang his belly full
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,

And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday.

For then I'm drest in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named.

I leave the church in sermon time,
And flink away with Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O! then I shall have money;

I'll hoard it up and box it all,

And give it to my honey:

And wou'd it were ten thousand-pound,

I'd give it all to Sally;

She is the darling of my heart,

And she lies in our alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,

Make game of me and Sally;

And (but for her) I'd better be

A slave, and row a galley;

But when my seven long years are out,

O! then I'll marry Sally,

O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,

But ay not in our alley.

SONG XV.

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen years?

You must tickle her fancy with sweet and dears

Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,

Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears;

Wittily, prettily talk her down,
 Chase her, and praise her if fair or brown;
 Sooth her, and smoothe her
 And teaze her and please her,
 And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men?
 With the front of assurance come boldly on;
 Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly
 Put her in mind how her time steals on;
 Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
 Rouse her and rouse her from morn till noon,
 And shew her some hour
 You are able to grapple,
 And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
 That's kept by a fumbler of quality?
 You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 That pleasure's best charm is variety;
 Swear her much fairer than all the town,
 Try her and ply her when Cully's gone,
 Dog her and jog her,
 And meet her and treat her,
 And kifs with a guinea, and all's your own.

S O N G XVI.

SHE.

Oh love! if a god thou wilt be,
 Do justice in favour of me;
 For yonder approaching I see
 A man with a beard,
 Who, as I have heard,
 Hath often undone
 Poor maids that have none,
 With sighing and toying,
 And crying and lying,
 And such kind of foolery.

HE.

Fair maid, by your leave,
My heart does receive
Strange pleasure to meet you here :
Pray tremble not so,
Nor offer to go,
I'll do you no harm I swear,
I'll do you no harm I swear.

SHE.

My mother is spinning at home,
My father works hard at the loom,
And we were a-milking come ;
Their dinner they want ;
Then pray you, Sir, dont
Make more ado on't,
Nor give us affront ;
We're none of the town
Will lie down for a crown,
Then away, Sir, and give us room-

HE.

By Phœbus and Jove,
By honour and love,
I'll do thee dear sweet, no harm ;
Ye're fresh as a rose,
I want one of those ;
Ah ! how such a wife wou'd charm !
Ah ! how such a wife wou'd charm !

SHE.

And can you then like the old rule,
Be conjugal, honest and dull,
And marry, and look like a fool ?
For I must be plain,
All tricks are in vain ;
There's nothing can gain
What you wou'd obtain,
Like moving and proving,
By wedding, true loving,
My lesson I learn'd at school.

HE.

I'll do't by this hand,
 I've houses and lands,
 Estate too in good freehold;
 My dear, let us join,
 That all shall be thine,
 Besides a good purse of gold.

SHE.

You make me to blush now, I vow
 Ah me! shall I baulk my cow!
 But since the late oath you have sworn,
 Your soul shall not be
 In danger for me;
 I'll rather agree
 Of two to make three:
 We'll wed, and we'll bed,
 There's no more to be said,
 And I'll ne'er go a milking more.

S O N G X V I I .

MAIDEN, fresh as a rose,
 Young, buxom, full of jollity,
 Take no spouse among beaux,
 Fond of their raking quality;
 He who wears a long bush,
 All powder'd down from his pericrane.
 And with nose full of snuff,
 Snuffles out love in a merry vein.

Who, to dames of high place,
 Does prattle like any parrot too:
 Yet with doxies a brace
 At night pigs in a garret too;
 Patrimony out-run,
 To make a fine show to carry thee;
 Plainly friend thou'rt undone,
 If such a creature marry thee.

Then, for fear of a bribe,
 Of flattering noise and vanity,
 Yoke a lad of our tribe,
 He'll shew the best humanity;
 Flashy thou wilt find love,
 In civil as well as secular;
 But when the Spirit doth move,
 We have a gift particular.

Tho' our graveness is pride,
 That boobys the more may venerate,
 He that gets a good bride
 Can jump when he's to generate,
 Off then goes the disguise,
 To bed in his arms he'll carry thee;
 Then to be happy and wise,
 Take yea and nay to marry thee.

S O N G XVIII.

LAST Sunday at St James's prayers,
 The prince and princess by;
 I, dress'd all in my whalebone airs,
 Sat in a closet nigh.
 I bow'd my knees, I held my book,
 Read all the answers o'er;
 But was perverted by a look,
 Which pierc'd me from the door.
 High thoughts of heaven I came to use,
 With the devoutest care;
 Which gay young Strephon made me lose
 And all the raptures there,
 He wait to hand me to my chair,
 And bow'd with courtly grace;
 But whisper'd love into mine ear,
 Too warm for that grave place.
 Love love, said he, by all ador'd
 My tender heart has won:
 But I grew peevish at the word,
 Desir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of sight, while I
 A kinder answer meant ;
 Nor did I for my sins that day,
 By half so much repent.

S O N G XIX.

LOVE, thou art the best of human joys,
 Our chiefest happiness below ;
 All other pleasures are but toys,
 Music without thee is but noise,
 Beauty but an empty show.

Heaven that knew best what men cou'd move
 And raise his thoughts above the brute,
 Said, Let him be, and let him love,
 That only must his soul improve,
 Howe'er philosophers dispute.

S O N G XX.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid
 And while a false nymph was his theme
 A willow supported his head,
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
 And the brook in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! silly swain that I was ;
 (Thus sadly complaining he cry'd) ;
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd :
 She talk'd, and I blest'd her dear tongue,
 When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great
 I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet !

How foolish was I to believe,
 She could date on so lowly a clown,

Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folk of the town;
 To think that a beauty so gay
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our maidens in grey
 Or live in a cottage on love?

What tho' I have skill to complain
 Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd
 What tho' when they hear my soft strains
 The virgins sit weeping around
 Ah! Colin! thy hopes are in vain
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd
 Weat ever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid
 Tho' thro' the wide world I thou'd range
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground
 The last humble boon that I crave
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true,

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array;
 Be finest at every fine show
 And frolic it all the day long;
 While Colin forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,

Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

S O N G XXI.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd
Wide o'er the roaring billows
She cast a wishful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over
And nine long tedious days
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's that troubled motion
To that within my breast?

The merchant robb'd of treasure
Views tempests in despair
But what's the loss of treasure
To the losing of my dear
Shou'd you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can you say that nature
Has nothing made in vain
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain
No eye these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover
And leave the maid to weep.
All melancholy lying
Thus wail'd she for her dear

Repay'd each blast with sighing
 Each billow with a tear ;
 When o'er the white waves stooping
 His floating corpse she spy'd ;
 Then, like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

S O N G. XXII.

REMEMBER, Damon, you did tell,
 In chastity you lov'd me well,
 But now alas ! I am undone,
 And here am left to make my moan
 To doleful shades I will remove
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
 Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen,
 In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
 Such soft persuasive language hung
 That when his words had silence broke,
 You wou'd have thought an angel spoke
 To happy nymph, whoe'er she be
 That now enjoys my charming he,
 For oh ! I fear it to my cost
 Shé's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flower on earth
 A snake may hide, or take its birth,
 So his false breast conceal it did
 His heart, the snake that there lay hid.
 'Tis false to say, we happy are,
 Since men delight thus to ensnare,
 In man no woman can be blest'd
 Their vows are wind, their love a jest.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
 Send me my Damon, or relief
 Return the wild delicious boy,
 Whom once I, thought my spring of joy,

But whilst I'm begging of this bliss,
 Methinks I hear you answer this
When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies,
Who sees him, loves; who loves him, dies.

There's not a bird that haunts the grove
 But is a witness of my love:
 Now all the bleaters on the plain
 Seem sympathisers in my pain;
 Echoes repeat my plaintive moans
 The waters imitate my groans:
 The trees their bending boughs recline,
 And droop their heads as I do mine.

S O N G XXIII.

On a bank, beside a willow
 Heav'n her covering, earth her pillow
 Sad Amynta sigh'd alone;
 From the cheerless dawn of morning,
 Till the dews of night returning,
 Singing, thus she made her moan,
 Hope is banish'd
 Joys are vanish'd
 Damon my beloved is gone.

Time, I dare to thee discover,
 Such a youth and such a lover,
 Oh! so true, so kind was he,
 Damon was the pride of nature,
 Charming in his every feature,
 Damon liv'd alone for me,
 Melting kisses,
 Murm'ring blisses,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never bless the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to restore,
 Never shall we both ly dying
 Nature failing love supplying

All the joys he drain'd before,
To befriend me
Death, come, end me,
Love and Damon are no more.

S O N G XXIV.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains,
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow);
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless wo.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came
His grief some pity, others blame;
The fatal cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sigh'd; but could not speak.

Clarinda came among the rest,
And she too kind concern express'd,
And ask'd the reason of his wo;
She ask'd; but with an air and mein,
As made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd to much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breast should tear
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I love, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain,
You are the cause of all my care:
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart;
Ten thousand torments vex my heart:
I love, and I despair.

Too much Alexis, I have heard,
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd ;
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd ;
 But you shall promise, ne'er again
 No breathe your vows, or speak your pain
 He bow'd, obey'd and dy'd.

S O N G XXV.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prithee, why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit for shame ; this will not move
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her,
 The devil take her.

S O N G XXVI.

My friend and I,
 We drank whole pifs-pots
 Full of sack up to the brim :
 I drank to my friend,
 And he drank his pot,
 So we put about the whim :
 Three bottles and a quart
 We swallow'd down our throat,
 (But hang such puny sips as these ;)
 We laid us all along,
 With our mouths unto the bung,
 And tipt whole hogheads off with ease.

I heard of a fop,
That drank whole tankerds,
Styl'd himself the prince of fots :
But I say now, Hang
Such silly drunkards,
Melt their flaggons, break their pots.
My friend and I did join
For a cellar full of wine,
And we drank the vintner out of door
We drank it all up
In a morning at a sup,
And greedily rov'd about for more.

My friend to me
Did make this motion,
Let us to the vintage skip ;
Then we imbark'd
Upon the ocean,
Where we found a Spanish ship
Deep laden with wine,
Which was superfine,
The sailors swore five hundred tun ;
We drank it all at sea,
Ere we came unto the key,
And the merchant swore he was quite undone.

My friend, nor having
Quench'd his thirst,
Said, Let's to the vineyards hast
Straight then we sail'd
To the Canaries
Which afforded just a taste ;
From thence unto the Rhine,
Where we drank up all the wine,
Till Bacchus cry'd hold ye fots or you die
And swore he never found,
In his universal round,
Such thirsty souls as my friend and I .

Out fie! cries one,
What a beast he makes him
He can neither stand nor go:
 Out you beast, you,
 You're much mistaken,
 Whene'er knew you a beast drink so?
 'Tis when we drink the least,
 That we drink most like a beast;
 But when we carouse it fix in hand.
 'Tis then, and only then,
 That we drink the most like men,
 When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

S O N G XXVII.

LET soldiers fight for prey or praise
 And money be the miser's wish,
 Poor scholars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish:
'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls
Therefore fill us the chearing bowls.

Let minions marshal every hair,
 And in a lover's lock delight,
 And artificial colours wear:
 Pure wine is native red and white;
'Tis wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
 That lively which before was dull
 Opens the heart that loves to save.
 And kindness flows from cups brim full.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth and others health
 Some want a wife, and some a punk,
 Some men want wit, and others wealth
 But they want nothing that are drunk
'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls;
Therefore give us the chearing bowls.

S O N G XXVIII.

FAREWELL, my bonny, bonny, witty, pretty Maggie
 And a' the rosy lasses milking on the down :
 Adieu the flowery meadows, aft sae dear to Jocky,
 The sports and merry glee of Edinborrow town
 Since French and Spanish lowns stand at bay,
 And valiant lads of Britain hold'em play,
 My reap-hook I maun cast quite away,
 And fight too like a man,
 Among 'em for our royal Queen Anne,

Each carle of Irish mettle, battles like a dragon :
 The Germans waddle, and straddle to the drum
 The Italians, and the butter bowzy Hogan Mogan :
 Good-faith then, Scottish Jocky mauna lie at hame:
 For since they are ganging to hunt renown,
 And swear they'll quickly ding auld Monsieur down
 I'll follow for a pluck at his brown,
 To shew that Scotland can
 Excel 'em for our royal Queen Anne.

Then welcome from Vigo,
 And cudgelling Don Diego
 With strutting rascallions,
 And plundering the galleons :
 Each brave valiant fellow
 Fought at Rondondellow,
 And those who did meet
 With the Newfoundland fleet ;
 When for late successess,
 With Europe confessess,
 At land by our gallant commanders ;
 The Dutch in strong beer,
 Shou'd be drunk for a year,
 With their general's health in Flanders,

S O N G XXIX.

THE ordnance abroad,
 Such joys does afford,
 As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal,
 No mortal e'er more can desire ;
 Each member repairs
 From the tower to the stairs,
 And by water whush and by water whush
 By water they all go to fire.

Of each piece that's ashore,
 They search from the bore ;
 And to proving, to proving, to proving,
 To proving they go in fair weather :
 Their glasses are large,
 And whene'er they discharge,
 There's a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza
 Guns and bumpers go off together.
 Old Vulcan for Mars,
 Fitted tools for his wars,
 To enable him, enable him, enable him,
 Enable him to conquer the faster :
 But Mars had he been
 Upon our Woolwich green,
 To have heard *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza,
 He'd have own'd great Malborough his master.

S O N G. XXX.

LEAVE off your foolish prattling,
 Talk no more of Whig and Tory,
 But drink your glass,
 Round let it pass,
 The bottle stands before ye,
 Fill it up to the top.
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,
 This night devout to pleasure ;
 Let worldly cares,
 And state affairs,
 Be thought on at more leisure ;
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous
 To be a party minion,
 Let him drink like me,
 We'll soon agree,
 And be of one opinion :
 Fill your glafs, name your las,
 See her health go sweetly round,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd

S O N G XXXI.

WE'll drink, and we'll never have done boys,
 Put the glafs then round with the fun, boys :
 Let Apollo's example invite us,
 For he's drunk every night,
 That makes him so bright,
 That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a Christian diversion,
 Unknown to Turk and the Persian :
 Let Mahometan fools
 Live by Heathenish rules,
 And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee
 While the brave Britons sing,
 And drink healths to their king,
 And a fig for their sultan and sophy.

SONG XXXII.

WHILE the lover is thinking
 With my friend I'll be drinking,
 And with vigour pursue my delight ;
 While the fool is designing,
 His fatal confining,
 With Bacchus I'll spend the whole night.

With the god I'll be jolly,
 Without madness and folly,
 Fickle woman to marry implore ;
 Leave my bottle and my friend,
 For so foolish an end !
 When I do, may I never drink more.

SONG XXXIII.

CELIA, let not pride undo you,
 Love and life fly swiftly on ;
 Let not Damon still pursue you,
 Still in vain, till love is gone :
 See how fair the blooming rose is,
 See by all how justly priz'd ;
 But when it its beauty loses,
 See the wither'd thing despis'd.

When those charms that youth have lent you,
 Like the roses are decay'd,
 Celia, you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a maid !
 Die a maid ! die a maid ! die a maid !
 Celia, you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a maid !

SONG XXXIV.

I'll range around the shady bowers ;
And gather all the sweetest flowers ;
I'll strip the garden and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.

When in the sultry heat of day,
My thrifling nymph does panting ly,
I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,
And drain the stream that she may drink.

At night, when she shall weary prove
A grassy bed I'll make my love,
And with green boughs I'll form a shade
That nothing may her rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies ;
Myself shall never close those eyes ;
But gazing still with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as chearful day
Dispels the gloomy shades away
Forth to the forest I'll repair
And find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night,
Still mixing pleasure with delight
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
Should e'er unkind and faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
And never think of woman more.

SONG XXXV.

THO' cruel you seem to my pain
 And hate me because I am true
 Yet, Philis, you love a false swain
 Who has other nymphs in his view
 Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
 To me what a heaven it would be!
 To him but a woman you seem,
 But ah! you're an angel to me.

Those lips, which he touches in haste
 To them I for ever could grow,
 Still clinging around that dear waist
 Which he spans as beside him you go;
 That arm, like a lily so white,
 Which over his shoulder you lay,
 My bosom could warm it all night,
 My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to rain,
 Were graces my subjects to be,
 I'd leave them and fly to the plain,
 To dwell in a cottage with thee.
 But if I must feel thy disdain,
 If tears cannot cruelty drown,
 O; let me not live in this pain,
 But give me my death in a frown.

SONG XXXVI.

FROM rosy bowers, where sleeps the god of love;
 Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly;
 Teach me, in soft melodious song to move
 With tender passion my heart's darling joy;
 Ah! let the soul of music tune my voice,
 To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
 Is, to be brisk and airy,

With a step and a bound,
And a frisk from the ground,
I'll trip like any fairy :
As once on Ida dancing,
Were three celestial bodies,
With an air and a face,
And a shape and a grace,
Let me charm like beauty's goddess.

Ah ! ah ! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
Death and despair must end the fatal pain
Cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain
Falls on my breast ; black winds in tempests blow :
My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow ;
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself or drown
Amongst the foaming billows,
Increasing all with tears I shed,
On beds of ooze and crystal pillows
Lay down my love sick-head ?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,
That soon my heart will warm ;
When once the sense is fled,
Love has no power to charm :
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,
My robes and locks shall thus be tore ;
A thousand thousand deaths I'll die,
Ere thus in-vain ! ere thus in vain adore.

S O N G XXXVII.

Oh ! lead me to some peaceful gloom,
Where none but sighing lovers come
Where the shrill trumpets never sound,
There let me sooth my pleasing pain,
And never think of war again :

What glory can a lover have
To conquer yet be still a slave !

S O N G XXXVIII.

Oh ! lead me to some peaceful room,
Where none but honest fellows come,
Where wives loud clappers never sound,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again :
What comfort can a husband have,
To rule the house where he's a slave ?

S O N G XXXIX.

Pleus Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask a favour ;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her ;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

S O N G XL.

See, see, she wakes. Sabina wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise ;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil ;
How many by his warmth will live !
How many will her coldness kill !

SONG XLI.

YOUNG Corydon and Phillis
Sat in a lovely grove,
Contriving crowns of Lillies,
Repeating tales of love,
And something else, but what I dare not name.

But as they were a-playing,
She ogled so the swain,
It sav'd her plainly saying,
Let's kiss to ease our pain, &c.

A thousand times he kiss'd her,
Upon the flow'ry green:
But as he further press'd her,
A pretty leg was seen.

So many beauties viewing,
His ardor still increas'd:
And, greater joys pursuing,
He wander'd o'er her breast, &c.

A last effort she trying,
His passion to withstand,
Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying,)
Pray take away your hand, &c.

Young Corydon grow bolder,
The minutes wou'd improve;
This is the time, he told her,
To shew how much I love, &c.

The nymph seem'd almost dying,
Dissolv'd in am'rous heat,
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
My dear, your love is great, &c.

But Philis did recover
Much sooner than the swain

She blushing, ask'd her lover,
Shall we not kiss again? &c.

Thus love his revels keeping,
Till nature at a stand
From talk they fell to sleeping,
Holding each other's hand, &c.

S O N G XLII.

SEE, see, my Seraphina comes
Adorn'd with every grace,
Look, gods, from your celestial dome,
And view her charming face.

Then search, and see, if you can find,
In all your sacred groves
A nymph or goddess so divine
As she whom Strephon loves.

S O N G XLIII.

SHE.

PRAY now, John, let Jug prevail
Doff thy sword, and take a flail;
Wounds and blows and scorching heat,
Will abroad be all you'll get.

HE.

Zounds! you are mad, ye simple jade
Begone and don't prate.

SHE.

How think ye I shall do,
With Hob and Sue,
With all our brats when wanting you.

HE.

When I am rich with plunder,
Thou my gain shalt share.

SHE.

My share will be but small, I fear
When bold dragoons have been pickering there
And the flea flints the Germans strip 'em bare.

HE.

Mind your spinning,
Mend your linen
Look to your cheese, you,
Your pigs and your geese too

SHE.

No, no, I'll ramble out with you

HE.

Blood and fire if, you tire

Thus my patience,

With vexations and narrations,

Thumping, thumping, thumping, thumping,

Is the fatal word ; Joan

SHE.

Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

HE.

Morbleu ! that huff shall never do.

SHE.

Come, come, John, let's busses and be friends

Thus still, thus love's quarrel ends ;

I my tongue sometimes let run,

But, alas ! I soon have done.

HE.

'Tis well your are quash'd,

You'd else been thrash'd

Sure as my name is John.

SHE.

Yet fain'd I'd know for what

You're all so hot,

To go to fight where nothing's got.

HE.

Fortune will prove kind,

And we shall then grow great.

SHE.

Grow great

And want both drink and meat,

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And coin, unless the pamper'd French you beat ;
Ah John, take care John !

And learn more wit.

HE.

Dare you prate still
At this rate still,
And like vermin,
Grudge at my preferment ?

SHE.

You'll beg, or get a wooden leg,

HE.

Nay if bawling, catterwawling
Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,
Still must rattle ;
I'll be gone, and straight aboard.

SHE.

Do, do, and so shall Hob and Sue,
Jug too, and all the ragged crew.

S O N G XLIV.

HE.

SINCE times are so bad, I must tell thee sweetheart,
I'm thinking to leave off my plough and my cart,
And to the fair city a journey I'll go,
To better my fortune as other folks do ;

Since some have from ditches,

And coarse leather breeches,

Been rais'd to be rulers,

And wallow'd in riches,

Pray thee, come, come, come from thy wheel,

For if the gypsies don't lie,

I shall be a governor too ere I die.

SHE.

Ah, Colin ! by all thy late doings I find,
With sorrow and trouble, the pride of thy mind :
Our sheep now at random disorderly run,
And now Sunday's Jacket goes every day on ;
Ah ! what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost thou
mean ?

HE.

To make my shoes clean,
And foot it to court to the king and the queen,
Where, shewing my parts, I preferment shall win.

SHE.

Fie ! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin ;
For, as to the court when thou happen'st to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there unless thou canst buy ;
For money, the devil and all's to be found,
But no good parts minded without the good pound.

HE.

Why then I'll take arms, and follow alarms,
Hunt honour that now-a-days plaguily charms.

SHE.

And so lose a limb by a shot or a blow.

HE.

Suppose I turn gamester ?

SHE.

So cheat and be bang'd

HE.

What think'st thou of the road then ?

SHE.

The high way to be hang'd.

HE.

Nice pimping however yields profit for life ;
I'll help some fine lord to another's fine wife.

SHE.

That's dangerous too among the town crew :
For some of them will do the same thing by you ;
And then I to cuckold you may be drawn in ;
Faith, Colin, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

HE.

Will nothing prefer me ? what thinkst of the law ?

SHE.

O ! while you live, Colin, keep out of that paw.

HE.

I'll cant and I'll pray.

Z 2

SHE.

Ah! there's nought got that way
 There's no one minds now what these black cattle say
 Let all our whole care be our farming affair.

HE.

To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear

BOTH

Ambition's a trade no contentment can show

SHE.

So I'll to my distaff.

HE.

And I'll to my plough.

BOTH AGAIN.

Let all our whole care, &c.

S O N G XLV.

WHERE oxen do low,
 And apple trees grow ;
 Where corn is sown,
 And grass is mown ;
 Fate, give me for life a place.

SHE.

Where hay's well cock'd,
 And udders are flock'd ;
 Where duck and drake
 Cry quack, quack, quack,
 Where turkeys lay eggs,
 And swine fuckle pigs ;
 Oh! there would I pass my days.

HE.

On nought we will feed,
 But what we can breed :

SHE.

And wear on our backs
 The wool of our flocks ;
 And though linnen feel
 Rough, spun with the wheel,
 'Tis cleanly tho' coarse it comes.

HE.

Town follys and cullys,
And Mollys and Dollys,
For ever adieu, and for ever.

SHE.

And beaux, that in boxes
Ly smuggling their doxies,
With wigs that hang down to their bums.

HE.

Good b'ye to the mall
The park and canal,
St. James's square,
And flaunters there,
The gaming house too,
Where high dice and low
Are managed by all degrees.

SHE.

Adieu to the knight
Was bubbled last night,
That keeps a blowzie,
And beats his spouse
And then in great haste,
To pay what he's lost
Sends home to cut down his trees.

HE.

And well fare the lad
Improves ev'ry clod
Who ne'er sets his hand
To bill or to bond:

SHE.

Nor bartars his flocks
For wine or the pox,
To loose him of half his days.

HE.

But fishing and fowling,
And hunting and bowling,
His pastime is ever and ever.

SHE.

Whose lips, when ye bufs 'em,

Smell like the bean-blossom ;
Oh ! he 'tis shall have my praise.

HE.

To taverns, where goes
Sour apples and floes,
A long Adieu !
And farewell too
The house of the great,
Whose cook has no meat,
And butler can't quench my thirst.

SHE.

Farewell to the change,
Where rantilopes range ;
Farewell, cold tea,
And ratafie,
Hide-park, where pride
In coaches ride,
Altho' they be choak'd with dust.

HE.

Farewell the law-gown,
The plague of the town,
And foes of the crown,
That shou'd be run down :

SHE.

With city jackdaws,
That make "aple laws,
To measure by yards and ells.

HE.

Stockjobbers and swobbers,
And packers and tackers,
For ever adieu, and for ever :
We know what you're doing,
And home we are going ;
And so you may ring your bells.

S O N G XLVI.

HE.

OF all comforts I miscarried,
When I play'd the sot and married
'Tis a trap there's none need doubt on't ;
Those that are in, wou'd fain get out on't.

SHE.

Fie ! my dear, pray come to bed,
That napkin take and bind your head,
Too much drink your brains have dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

HE.

'Oons ! 'tis all one if I'm up or lie down,
For as soon as the cock crows, I'll be gone,

SHE.

'Tis to grieve me thus you leave me ;
Was I, was I made a wife to lie alone ?

HE.

From your arms myself divorfing,
I this morn must ride a-courfing,
A sport that far excels a madam,
Or all the wives have been since Adam.

SHE.

I, when thus I've lost my due,
Must hug my pillow wanting you ;
And whilst you tope it all the day,
Regale in cups of harmless tea,

HE.

Pox, what care I ! drink fops till you die ;
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home

SHE.

If thus parted, I'm broken hearted ;
When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray come,

HE.

Ere I be from rambling hindred,
I'll renounce my spouse and kindred ;
To be sober I've no leisure,
What's a man without his pleasure.

To my grief then I must see
 Strong wine and Nantz my rivals be
 Whilst you carouse it with your blades
 Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

HE.

'Zounds ! you may go to your gossips, you know,
 And there, if you meet with a friend pray do.

SHE.

Go, ye jocker, go, provoker,
 Never never shall I meet a man like you.

S O N G XLVII.

PRETTY parrot, say, when I was away
 And in dull absence pass'd the day,
 What at home was doing,
With chat and play,
We were gay
Night and day
Good cheer and mirth renewing
Singing laughing all like pretty pretty poll.

Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
 And like a fancy lover wou'd
 Court and tease my lady
A thing you know,
Made for show,
Call'd a beau,
Near her was always ready
Ever at her call, like pretty pretty poll.

Tell me with what air he approach'd the fair
 And how she cou'd with patience bear
 All he did and utter'd ?
He still address'd
Still caress'd
Kiss'd and press'd,
Sung prattl'd laugh'd and flutter'd
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty poll.

Did he go away, at the close of day,
 Or did he ever use to stay,
 In a corner dodging?
 The want of light,
 When it was night
 Spoil'd my sight;
But I believe his lodging
Was within her call, like pretty pretty poll.

S O N G XLVIII.

Sung by PINKANELLO, Merry Andrew to LEVERIGE
the Mountebank Doctor,

HERE are people and sports,
 Of all fizes and forts,
 Coach'd *damsel* and *squire*
 And *mob* in the mire,
Tarpaulins, trugmallions,
 Lords, ladies, fows babies,
 And *loobies* in scores
 Some hawling, some bawling,
 Some leering, some fleering,
 Some loving, some shoving.
 With legions of furbelow'd *whores*:
 To the tavern some go,
 And some to a show,
 See poppets for moppets,
 Jack puddens for cuddens,
 Rope-dancing, mares prancing,
 Boats flying, *quacks* lying,
 Pick-pockets, pick plackets,
 Beasts, *butchers*, and *beaux*,
Foops prattling, dice rattling,
Rocks shaming, *putts* damning,
Whores painted, *masks* tainted,
 In tally-man's furbelow'd cloaths.
 The mobs joys wou'd ye know,
 To yon music-house go,

See tailors and sailors,
 Whores oily and doily,
 Here music makes you sick;
 Some skipping, some tripping,
 Some smoking, some joking,
 Like spiggit and tap;
 Short measure, strange pleasure,
 Thus billing and swilling,
 Some yearly get fairly
 For fairings, pig pork and a clap,

The Second Part.

SEE, Sirs, see here! a doctor rare,
 Who travels much at home!
 Here take my bills, they cure all ills,
 Past, present, and to come;
 The cramp, the stitch, the squirt, the itch;
 The gout, the stone, the pox,
 The mulligrubs, the wanton scrubs,
 And all Pandora's box:
 Thousands I've dissected,
 Thousands new erected,
 And such cures effected,
 As none e'er can tell:
 Let the palsy shake ye,
 Let the colic rack ye,
 Let the crinkrums break ye,
 Let the murrain take ye,
 Take this, take this, and you are well:
Thousands, &c.

Come, wits so keen, devour'd with spleen
 And beaux who've sprain'd your backs,
 Great-belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,
 And pepper'd vizards cracks;
 I soon remove the pains of love,
 And cure the amorous maid,
 The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
 The living and the dead;

I clear the las with wainscot-face,
 And from pim-ginets free.
 Plump ladies red like Saracen's head
 With toping ratafie.
 This, with a jirk, will do your work,
 And scour you o'er and o'er;
 Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
 Never believe me more.

S O N G XLIX.

Oh! the charming month of May,
 When the breezes
 Fan the trees, is
 Full of blossoms fresh and gay;
Oh! the charming month of May,
Charming, charming Month of May.

Oh! what joys our prospects yield,
 When in new livery
 We see every
 Bush and meadow, tree and field;
Oh! what joys, &c, Charming joys, &c.

Oh! how fresh the morning air,
 When the zephyrs
 And the heifers
 Their odorif'rous breath compare;
Oh! how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.

Oh! how sweet at night to dream,
 On mossy pillows,
 By the trillows
 Of a gentle purling stream,
Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh! how kind the country las,
 Who her cow bilking,
 Leaves her milking
 For a green-gown on the grass;
Oh! how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

Oh! how sweet it is to spy,
 At the conclusion
 Her deep confusion,
 Blushing cheeks and down-cast eye:
Ob! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh! the charming curds and cream,
 When all is over,
 She gives her lover,
 Who on the skimming dish carves her name.
*Ob! the charming curds and cream,
 Charming, charming, &c.*

S O N G L.

CUPID, god of pleasing anguish,
 Teach th' enamour'd swain to languish,
 Teach him fierce desires to know,
 Heroes would be lost in story,
 Did not love inspire their glory,
 Love does all that's great below.

S O N G LI.

My Chloe, why do ye slight me,
 Since all you ask you have?
 No more with frowns affright me,
 Nor use me like a slave:
 Good nature to discover,
 Use well your faithful lover,
 I'll be no more a rover,
 But be constant to my grave.

Could we but change conditions,
 My grief would all be flown;
 Were I the kind physician,
 And you the patient grown:
 All own you're wond'rous pretty,
 Well shap'd, and also witty,
 Enforc'd with generous pity,
 Then make my case your own.

The silver swan, when dying,
 Has most melodious lays,
 Like him, when love is flying,
 In songs I'll end my days :
 But know, thou cruel creature,
 My soul shall mount the faster,
 And I shall sing the sweeter,
 By warbling forth thy praise.

S O N G LII.

In this grove my Strephon walk'd,
 Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd
Here he lov'd, &c.
 In this place his loss I prove,
 A sad remembrance of our love,
 O! sad remembrance of our love.

In this grove my Strephon stray'd,
 Here he smil'd and there betray'd;
Here he smil'd, &c.
 Ev'ry whisp'ring breeze can tell,
 How I, poor I believing, fell,
 Ah! by too soon believing fell.

By this stream my Strephon, mov'd,
 Here he sung and there he lov'd;
Here he sung, &c.
 Every stream and every tree,
 Cries out, Perfidious, cruel he,
 And helpless poor forsaken she.

On this my Strephon lean'd,
 A lovely foe but faithless friend;
A lovely foe, &c.
 Ye verdant banks, each stream and grove
 Once joyous scenes, now dismal prove,
 Since Strephon's false to me and love.

S O N G LIII.

TRANSPORTED with pleasure
 I gaze on new treasure,
 And ravish my sight;
 While she gaily smiling,
 My anguish beguiling,
 Augments my delight.
 How blest'd is a lover,
 Whose torments is over,
 His fears and his pain;
 When beauty relenting,
 Repays with consenting
 Her scorn and disdain,

S O N G LIV.

A Quire of bright beauties
 In spring did appear,
 To chuse a May-lady
 To govern the year;
 All the nymphs were in white
 And the shepherds in green
 The garland was given,
 And Phillis was queen.
 But Phillis refused it,
 And sighing did say,
 I'll not wear a garland
 While Pan is away.
 While Pan and fair Syrinx
 Are fled from the shore,
 The graces are banish'd.
 And love is no more:
 The soft god of pleasure
 That warm'd our desires,
 Has broken his bow,
 And extinguish'd his fires
 And vows that himself
 And his mother will mourn
 Till pan and fair Syrinx
 In triumph return.

Forbear your addressees,
 And court us no more ;
 For we will perform
 What the deity swore :
 But if you dare think
 Of describing our charms,
 Away with your sheep-hooks
 And take to your arms :
 Then laurels and myrtles
 Your brows shall adorn,
 When Pan and fair Syrinx
 In triumph return.

S O N G L V.

As charming Clara walk'd alone,
 The feather'd snow came softly down,
 Like Jove descending from his tower,
 To court her in a silver shower :
 The shining flakes flew to her breasts,
 As little birds into their nests ;
 But being outdone with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear ;
 Thence flowing down her garments hem,
 To deck her, froze into a gem.

S O N G L V I.

YE beaux of pleasure,
 Whose wit at leisure,
 Can count love's treasure,
 Its joy and smart ;
 At my desire,
 With me retire,
 To know what fire
 Consumes my heart.

Three months that hasted,
 Are hardly wasted,
 Since I was blasted
 With beauty's ray :

Aurora shews ye
 No face so rosie,
 No July posie
 So fresh and gay.
 Her skin by nature,
 No ermin better,
 Though that fine creature
 Is white as snow;
 With blooming graces
 Adorn'd her face is,
 Her flowing traces
 As black as sloe.
 She's tall and slender,
 She's soft and tender;
 Some god commend her;
 My wit's too low:
 'Twere joyful plunder,
 To bring her under,
 She's all a wonder,
 From top to toe,
 Then cease ye fages,
 To quote dull pages,
 That in all ages
 Our minds are free:
 Though great your skill is,
 So strong the will is,
 My love for Phillis
 Must ever be.

SONG LVII.

ONE evening as I lay
 A musing in a grove,
 A nymph exceeding gay
 Came there to seek her lover;
 But finding not her swain,
 She sat her down to grieve,
 And thus she did complain,
 How men her sex deceive,

Believing maids take care
Of false deluding men,
Whose pride is to ensnare
Each female that they can ;
My perjur'd swain he swore
A thousand oaths to prove
(As many have done before)
How true he'd be to love.
Then, virgins, for my sake,
Ne'er trust false man again ;
The pleasure we partake,
Ne'er answers half the pain ;
Uncertain as the seas,
Is their unconstant mind,
At once they burn or freeze,
Still changing like the wind.
When she had told her tale,
Compassion seiz'd my heart,
And Cupid did prevail
With me to take her part ;
Then bowing to the fair,
I made my kind address,
And vow'd to bear a share
In her unhappiness.
Surpriz'd at first she rose,
And strove from me to fly ;
I told her I'd disclose
For grief a remedy.
Then, with a smiling look,
Said she to assuage the storm,
I doubt you've undertook,
A task you can't perform
Since proof convinces best,
Fair maid, believe it true,
That rage is but a jest,
To what revenge can do ;
Then serve him in his kind,
And fit the fool again,
Such charms were ne'er design'd
For such a faithless swain.

I courted her with care,
 Till her soft soul gave way
 And from her breast so fair
 Stole the sweet heart away
 Then she with smiles confess'd
 Her mind felt no more pain.
 While she was thus caress'd
 By such a lovely swain.

S O N G LVIII.

Do not ask me, charming Phillis,
 Why I lead you here alone,
 By this bank of pinks and lilies,
 And of roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty
 Of these flow'rs that crown the spring
 'Tis to—but I know my duty,
 And dare never name the thing

'Tis at worst but her denying,
 Why shou'd I thus fearful be?
 Every minute, gently flying,
 Smiles and says, Make use of me.

What the sun does to the roses,
 While the beams play sweetly in
 I would—but my fear opposes,
 And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it;
 Ask my eyes, or ask your own,
 And if neither can reveal it,
 Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lilies,
 Might I speak what I would do,
 I wou'd—with my lovely Phillis,
 I wou'd; I wou'd—Ah! wou'd you,

S O N G LIX.

PHILLIS, the fairest of love's foes,
 Tho' fiercer than a dragon,
 Phillis that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
 What has she now to brag on?
 What has she now to brag on
What has she, &c.

So long she kept her limbs so close
 Till they have scarce a ragon:
 Compell'd thro' want the wretched maid:
 Did sad complaints begin,
 Which surly Strephon hearing said,
 It was both shame and sin,
 It was both shame and sin,
It was both, &c.

To pity such a lazy jade;
 Wou'd neither kiss nor spin.

S O N G LX.

WHEN Chloe we ply,
 We swear we shall die,
 Her eyes do our heart so enthrall;
 But 'tis for her pelf,
 And not for herself;
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The maidens are coy,
 They'll pish! and they'll fie!
 And swear if you're rude, they will call;
 But whisper so low,
 By which you may know,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

My dear, the wives cry,
 If ever you die,
 To marry again I never shall;
 But less than a year,
 Will make it appear,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

In matters of state,
 And party-debate,
 For church and for justice we bawl;
 But if you'll attend,
 You'll find in the end,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

S O N G L X I.

The Parson among the Pease.

ONE long Whitsun holiday,
 Holiday, holiday, it was a jolly day
 Young Ralph, buxom Phillida,
 Phillida, a welladay!

Met in the pease;

They long had community,
 He lov'd her, she lov'd him,
 Joyful unity, nought but opportunity
 Scanting was wanting,

Their bosoms to ease,

But now fortune's cruelty, cruelty,
 You will see for as they lie,
 In close hug, Sir Domine
 Gemini Gomini

Chanc'd to come by,

He read prayers i' the family
 No way now to frame a lie,
 They fear'd at old homily,
 Homily, Homily,

Both away fly.

Home, soon as he saw the sight,
 Full of spite, as a kite runs the recubite,
 Like a noisy hypocrite,
 Hypocrite, hypocrite,

Mischief to say;

Save he wou'd fair Phillida,
 Phillida, Phillida dress'd that holiday;
 But poor Ralph ah welladay!
 Welladay! welladay!

Turn'd was away.

Ads nigs, cries Sir Domine
 Gemini Gomini, shall a rogue stay,
 To baulk me, as commonly
 Commonly, commonly,

Has been the way?

No, I serve the family,
 They know nought to blame me by,
 I read prayers and homily,
 Homily, homily,

Three times a day.

S O N G LXII.

How happy are we,
 Who from thinking are free,
 That curbing disease of the mind,
 Can indulge ever taste,
 Love where we like best,
 Not by dull reputation confin'd!

When we're young fit to toy,
 Gay delights we enjoy,
 And have crouds of new lovers still wooing
 When we're old and decay'd,
 We procure for the trade,
 Still in every age we are doing.

If a cully we meet,
 We spend what we get
 Every day, for the next never think,
 When we die, where we go
 We have no sense to know,
 For a bawd always dies in her drink.

S O N G LXIII.

ONE April morn, when from the sea
 Phœbus was just appearing,
 Damon and Celia young and gay,
 Long settled love endearing,

Met in a grove, to vent their spleen
 On parents unrelenting ;
 He bred of Tory race had been,
 She of the tribe dissenting.

Celia, whose eyes outshone the god,
 Newly the hill adorning,
 Told him, mamma would be stark mad,
 She missing pray'rs that morning ;
 Damon, his arm about her waist,
 Swore, that nought should them sunder
 Shou'd my rough dad know how I'm blest'
 'Twou'd make him roar like thunder.

Great ones made by ambition blind,
 By faction still support it,
 Or where vile money taints the mind.
 They for convenience court it ;
 But mighty Love, that scorns to shew
 Party shou'd raise his glory,
 Swears he'll exalt a vassal true,
 Let it be Whig or Tory.

S O N G LXIV.

AMONG the willows on the grass -
 Where nymphs and shepherds ly
 Young Willy courted bonny Bess ;
 And Nell stood listning by ;
 Says Will, we will not tarry
 Two months before we marry,
 No, no, fie no, never, never tell me so.
 For a maid I'll live and die :
Says Nell so shall not I.
Says Nell &c.

Long time between hope and despair,
 And kisses mix'd between
 He with a song did charm her ear
 Thinking she chang'd had been ;
 Says Will, I want a blessing,
 Substantialer than kissing.

No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,
For I will never change my mind.

Says Nell, she'll prove more kind,

Says Nell, &c.

Smarting pain the virgin finds,

Altho by nature taught

When she first to man inclines:

Quoth Nell, I'll venture that

Oh! who would lose a treasure

For such a puny pleasure!

Not I, no, a maid I'll live and die,

And to my vow be true

Quoth Nell, the more fool you

Quoth Nell, &c.

To my closet I'll repair,

And read on godly books,

Forget vain love of wordly care

Quoth Nell that likely looks.

You men are all perfidious,

But I will be religious

Try all fly all and while I breathe defy all

Your sex I now despise.

Says Nell by Jove she lies,

Says Nell, &c.

S O N G L X V.

SELINDA sure's the brightest thing

That decks the earth, or breaths our air

Mild are her looks like opening spring

And like the blooming summer fair

But then her wit's so very small,

That all her charms appear to ly

Like glaring colours on a wall,

And strike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxuriously she treats,

Our ears are absent from the feast,

One sense is surfeited with sweets,
 Starv'd and disgusted are the rest.
 So have I seen with aspect bright,
 And taudry pride, a tulip swell,
 Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
 Dull and insipid to the smell.

S O N G LXVI.

A Trifling song ye shall hear,
 Begun with a trifle and ended ;
 All trifling people draw near,
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
 That lately came into the play,
 The men would want something to do,
 The women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing ?
 Because the ladies they know,
 Admire, by often caressing,
 That eminent trifle a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
 The trifle of trifles to gain,
 No sooner the virgin is rifled,
 But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,
 At Whyte's half a moment to sit ?
 Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,
 Without talking trifles for wit ?

The court is from trifles secure,
 Gold keys are no trifles we see ;
 White rods are no trifles I'm sure,
 Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
 Where trifles abundantly breed,

The levee will shew you, his Grace
Makes promises trifles indeed !

A coach with six footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor sin ;
But, ye gods ! how oft do we find
A scandalous trifle within ?

A flask of Champaign people think it
A trifle, or something as bad ;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle by Gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
A widow's a trifle in sorrow,
A peace is a trifle to day,
To break it a trifle to morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour ;
But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle they say,
The reason pray carry along ;
Because that at every new play,
The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,]
And to set us all on a foot ;
The author of this is a trifle,
And his song is a trifle to boot.

S O N G LXVII.

FROM grave lessons and restraint,]
I'm stole out to revel here :
Yet I tremble and I faint,
In the middle of the fair.

Oh! would fortune in my way
 Throw a lover kind and gay:
 Now's the time he soon might move
 A young heart unus'd to love.
 Shall I venture? No, no, no,
 Shall I from the danger go?
 Oh! no, no, no, no, no,
 I must not try, I cannot fly,
 I must not durst not cannot fly.

Help me, nature, help me, art;
 Why should I deny my part?
 If a lover will pursue;
 Like the wisest let me do;
 I will fit him if he's true,
 If he's false I'll fit him too.

S O N G LXVIII.

Women and wine.

SOME say women are like the sea,
 Some the waves, and some the rocks,
 Some the rose that soon decays.
 Some the weather, some the cocks,
 But if you'll give me leave to tell,
 There's nothing can be compar'd so well
 As wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

Women is witches when they will,
 So is wine, so is wine,
 They make the Statesman lose his skill,
 The soldier, lawyer, and divine;
 They put a gigg into the gravest scull,
 And send their wits to gather wool;
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face so pale,
 What is't that makes your looks divine
 What makes your courage rise and fall?

Is it not women, is it not wine?
Whence proceed th' inflaming doses,
That set fire to your noses?
From wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

S O N G LXIX.

Wou'd you chuse a wife,
For a happy life?
Leave the court and the country take,
Where Dolly and Sue,
Young Molly and Prue,
Follow Roger and John,
Whilst harvest goes on,
And merrily merrily rake.

Leave the London dames
(Be it spoke to their shames)
To ly in their beds till noon,
Then get up and stretch,
And paint too and patch,
Some widgeon to catch,
Then look at their watch,
And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then coffee and tea,
Both green and Bohea,
Are serv'd to their tables in plate,
Where rattles do run,
As swift as the sun,
Of what they have won,
And who is undone,
By their gaming and sitting up late.

The lass give me here,
Tho' brown as my beer.
That knows how to govern her house,
That can milk her cow,

Or farrow her sow,
 Make butter and cheese,
 Or gather green pease,
 And values fine cloaths not a fouse.
 This is the girl
 Worth rubies and pearl;
 A wife that will make a man rich;
 We gentlemen need
 No quality breed.
 No squander away
 What taxes wou'd pay;
 We care not in faith for such.

S O N G LXX.

YES I could love, if I could find
 A mistress fitted to my mind,
 Whom neither gold nor pride could move
 No change her virtue or her love:
 Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
 Loves for myself and not for mine;
 Not city proud nor nice and coy,
 But full of love, and full of joy:

Not childish young, nor bedlaine old,
 Not fiery hot, nor icy cold,
 Not gravely wise to rule the state,
 Not foolish to be pointed at;
 Not wordly rich, nor basely poor,
 Nor chaste, nor a reputed whore:
 If such an one you can discover,
 Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

S O N G LXXI.

BLESS'D as th' immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd ; the subtil flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.
In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I tainted sunk, and dy'd away,

S O N G LXXII.

You may cease to complain,
For your suit is in vain ;
All attempts you can make,
But augments her disdain ;
She bids you give over
While 'tis in your power,
For except her esteem
She can grant you no more :
Her heart has been long since
Assaulted and won,
Her truth is as lasting
And firm as the sun ;
You'll find it more easy
Your passion to cure,
Then for ever these fruitless
Endeavours endure
You may give this advice
To the wretched and wise,
But a lover like me
Will those precepts despise ;
I scorn to give over
Were it in my power ;
Tho' esteem were deny'd me,
Yet her I'll adore.

A heart that's been touch'd
 Will some sympathy bear,
 'Twill lessen my sorrows
 If she takes a share :
 I'll count it more honour
 In dying her slave,
 Than did her affections
 The steadiness crave.
 You may tell her I'll be
 Her true lover tho' she
 Should mankind despise
 Out of hatred to me ;
 'Tis mean to give o'er,
 'Cause we get no reward,
 She lost not her worth
 When I lost her regard ;
 My love on an altar
 More noble shall burn,
 I still will love on
 Without hopes of return
 I'll tell her some other
 Has kindled the flame,
 And I'll sigh for herself
 In another one's name.

S O N G LXXIII.

THE TIPPLING PHILOSOPHER.

DIOGENES furly and proud
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there was truth
 But growing as poor as a Job
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He choose for his mansion a tub
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
A bumper to cherish his heart ;
And when he was maudlin wou'd cry,
Because he had empty'd his quart
Tho' some are so foolith to think,
He wept at mens follies and vice
'Twas only his custom to drink,
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cherish his soul
Would laugh like a man that was mad
When over a good flowing bowl
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff:
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old
And thought the rich Cræsus a slave
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold ;
He delighted in plentiful bowls ;
But drinking much talk would decline
Because 'twas the custom of fools
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise
Late hours he most certainly lov'd
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home ;

And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good
 To the last, (we may truly aver it)
 He tinctur'd his bath with his blood
 So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence injoin
 On his pupils who wisdom would seek
 Because he tippled good wine
 Till himself was unable to speak;
 And when he was whimsical grown
 With sipping his plentiful bowls
 By the strength of the juice in his crown
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicius too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine
 And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine;
 With wine he replenish'd his veins
 And made his philosophy reel
 Then fancy'd the world like his brains
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine;
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine;
 His belly, most writers agree,
 Was big as a watering trough
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine
 He fondly to wisdom was prone
 But had it not been for good wine
 His merits had never been known
 By wine we are generous made
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 Without it we ne'er shoud have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

SONG LXXIV.

Down among the dead Men.

HERE'S a health to the king and a lasting peace ;
May faction be damn'd and discord cease :
Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death
And he that wont with this comply

Down among the dead men,

Down among the dead men

Down down, down, down,

Down among the dead men let him ly.

Now a health to the queen, and may she long
B' our first fair toast to grace our song
Off wi' your hats wi' your knee on the ground,
Take off your bumpers all around ;
And he that will this health deny

Down among, &c, let him ly.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found ;
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless women hating crew ;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among, &c, let him ly.

Here's thriving trade and the commonweal
And patriots to their country leal ;
But who for bribes gives Satan his soul,
May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl ;
And all that with such rogues comply,
Down among, &c, let him ly.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul ;
Let Bacchus' health round swiftly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love ;
And he that does this health deny,
Down among, &c, let him ly.

SONG LXXV.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With a generous bowl and a toast
 May he in Bridewel be shut up
 And fast bound to a post ;
Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here
For who can know where we shall go
To be merry another year ?

He that will not merry be,
 And take his glass in course,
 May he b' oblig'd to drink small beer,
 Ne'er a penny in his purse :
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry be,
 With a company of jolly boys.
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise :
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With his mistress in his bed,
 Let him be bury'd in the church yard,
 And me put in his stead :
Let him be merry, &c.

SONG LXXVI.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses ;
 Noble deeds are done by wine ;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces ;
 Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,

More than in Chloe, when just going,
In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking :

Drank about at counsel board,
Made friends and gain'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conqu'ring sword.

S O N G LXXVII.

SINCE we die by the help of good wine,
I will that a tun be my shrine ;
And engrave it on my tomb,
Here lies a body once so brave,
Who with drinking made his grave,
Who with, &c.

Since thus to die will purchase fame,
And leave an everlasting name.
Since thus to die, &c.

Drink, drink away, drink, drink away,
And let us be nobly interr'd.
Drink, drink, &c.

Let misers and slaves
Pop into their graves,
And rot in a dirty church-yard,
And rot in a dirty church-yard.
Let misers, &c.

S O N G LXXVIII.

BACCHUS is a power divine ;
For he no sooner fills my head
With mighty wine,
But all my cares resign,
And droop, and droop, and sink down dead :
Then then the pleasing thoughts begin,
And I in riches flow,
At least I fancy so ;

And without thought of want I sing,
 Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around,
 With flowers, weav'd into a garland crown'd,
 Then, then I begin to live ;
 And scorn what all the world can show or give,
 Let the brave fools that fondly think

Of honour and delight

To make a noise, a noise and fight,
 Go seek out war whilst I seek peace,
 Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink,

Then fill my glafs, fill fill it high ;

Some think it fit to fall and die ;

But when bottles rang'd,

Make war with me,

The fighting fool shall see,

When I am sunk,

The difference to ly dead,

And ly dead drunk.

The fighting fool, &c.

S O N G L X X X.

YE virgin powers, defend my heart,

From amorous looks and smiles ;

From saucy love, or nicer art,

Which most our sex beguiles.

From sighs and vows, and awful fears,

That do to pity move ;

From speaking silence, and from tears,

Those springs that water love.

But if thro' passion I grow blind,

Let honour be my guide ;

And when frail nature seems inclin'd,

There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure,

Needs every virtue's aid ;

And she who thinks herself secure,
The soonest is betray'd.

S O N G LXXX.

WHY shou'd a foolish marriage-vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
When passion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd
As long as we cou'd,
Till love was lov'd out of us both;
But our marriage is dead
When the pleasure is fled;
'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend,
And further love in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?
'Tis a madness that he
Shou'd be jealous of me,
Or that I shou'd bar him of another;
For all we can gain,
Is to give ourselves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

S O N G LXXXI.

My dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as these kind looks she gave me
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes she did enslave me;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Shou'd we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures wounding blisses,

She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses :
 Angels listen when she speaks ,
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
 But my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day afunder.

SONG LXXXII.

I'LL sail upon the *dog-star*,
 And then pursue the morning,
 I'll chase the moon till it be noon,
 I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
 And there I'll coin the weather :
 I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
 And tie both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbs too,
 And crowd them in my budget ;
 And whether I'm a roaring boy,
 Let Gresham college judge it :

While I mount yon blue celum,
 To shun the tempting gipsies,
 Play at foot ball with sun and moon,
 And fright ye with eclipses.

SONG LXXXIII.

JAMES.

PRITHEE, Susan, what dost muse on,
 By this doleful spring?
 You are, I fear, in love my dear ?
 Alas, poor thing!

SUSAN.

Truly, Jamie I must blame ye
You look so pale and wan;
I fear 'twill prove you are in love,
Alas, poor man!

JAMES.

Nay, my Suey, now I view ye;
Well I know your smart,
When you're alone you sigh and groan,
Alas, poor heart!

SUSAN.

Jamie, hold, I dare be bold
To say, thy heart is stole,
And know that she as well as thee,
Alas, poor soul!

JAMES.

Then, my Sue, tell me who;
I'll give thee beads of pearl,
And ease thy heart of all this smart;
Alas, poor girl!

SUSAN.

Jamie, no, if you should know,
I fear 'twould make you sad,
And pine away both night and day,
Alas poor lad!

JAMES.

Why then, my Sue, it is for you,
That I burn in these flames;
And when I die, I know you'll cry,
Alas, poor James!

SUSAN.

Say you so, then, Jamie know,
If you'd prove untrue,

Then must I likewise cry,
Alas poor Sue !

Quoth he, then join thy hand with mine,
And we will wed to day,
I do agree, here 'tis quoth she,
Come let's away.

SONG LXXXIV.

WHEN, lovely Phillis, thou art kind,
Nought but raptures fill my mind ;
'Tis then I think thee so divine,
T' excel the mighty power of wine ;
But when thou insult'st, and laugh'st at my pain,
I wash thee away with sparkling champaign ;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the power of another.

When pity in thy looks I see,
I freely quit my friends for thee ;
Persuasive love so charms me then,
My freedom I'd not wish again.

But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my care,
Then straight with a bumper I banish despair ;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the power of another.

SONG LXXXV.

You that love mirth, attend to my song,
A moment you never can better employ ;
Swany and Teague were trudging along,
A bonny Scotch lad, and an Irish dear-shoy ;
They neither before had seen a wind-mill,
Nor had they heard ever of any such name ;
As they were a-walking
And merrily talking,
At last, by mere chance to a wind-mill they came.

Haha ! cries Sawny, What do ye ca' that ?
 To tell the right name o't I am at a loss.
 Teague very readily answer'd the Scot,
 Indeed I believe ith Saint Patrick's cross.
 Says Sawny, ye'll find yoursell meikle mistaken,
 For it is Saint Andrew's cross, I can swear ;
 For there is his bonnet,
 And tartans hang on it,
 The plaid and the trews our apostle did wear.

Nay, o' my shoul joy, thou tellest all lees,
 For that I will shwear is Saint Patrick's coat ;
 I sheet him in Ireland buying the frieze,
 And that I am shure ith the shame that he bought ;
 And he ith a shaint much better than ever
 Made either the covenantish sholemn or league :
 For o' my shalwashion,
 He was my relashion,
 And had a great kindness for honest poor Teague
 Wherefore, says Teague, I will, by my shoul,
 Lay down my napsack, and take out my beads,
 And under this holy cross feet I will fall,
 And shay *Pater Noster* and some of our creeds.
 So Teague began with humble devotion,
 To kneel down before St. Patrick's cross ;
 The wind fell a blowing,
 And set it a going,
 And gave our dear shoy a terrible tofs.

Sawny tehee'd, to see how poor Teague
 Lay scratching his ears, and roll on the grass,
 Swearing, it was surely the de'il's whirligig,
 And none (he roar'd out) of St Patrick's cross ;
 But ith it indeed, cries he in passion,
 The cross of our shaint that has crossht me so fore,
 Upo' my shalwashion,
 This shall be a cawshion,
 To trust to St Patrick's kindness no more.

Sawny to Teague then merrily cry'd,
 This patron of yours is a very sad loun,
 To hit you sic a fair thump on the hide,
 For kneeling before him, and seeking a boon:
 Let me advise you to serve our St Andrew,
 He, by my faul, was a special gude man:
 For since your St Patrick
 Has serv'd you sic a trick,
 I'd see him hung up ere I serv'd him again.

S O N G LXXXVI.

MAY the ambitious ever find
 Success in crouds and noise,
 While gentle love does fill my mind
 With silent real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
 And all the world think them wise,
 While I ly at my Nanny's feet,
 And all the world despise.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
 And melt in court delights
 Her eyes can give much brighter days
 Her arms much softer nights.

S O N G LXXXVH.

CELIA, too late you wou'd repent
 The offering of your store,
 Is now but like a pardon sent
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd
 And grant the blefs too late,
 You hindred me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When first my court I made;
But when your falshoods plain appear,
My love no longer staid.

Your bounty of these favours shown
Whose worth your first deface
Is melting valu'd medals down
And giving us the brags.

O! since the thing we beg's a toy,
That priz'd by love alone
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before the love is gone?

S O N G LXXXVIII.

Yes all the world will sure agree
He who's secur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely blest;
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been so long
My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought these things to be confin'd
That were for public good design'd:
Cou'd we, in foolish pride,
Make the sun always with us stay,
'Twould burn our corn and grass away
To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
Two souls which passion doth unite;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away
And why the devil should we stay
When once that love is past.

S O N G LXXXIX.

My goddess Lydia, heavenly fair.
 As lilly sweet as soft as air
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
 Tho sacred lightening from them flies;
 Shew me that soft that modest grace
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
 That I may rival Jove in bliss,
 That I may mix my soul with thine
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O! hide thy bosom's killing white,
 (The milky way is not so bright)
 Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress
 With beauty's pomp and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
 Of my kind heart the vital blood
 Thou art all over endless charms
 O! take me dying to thy arms.

S O N G XC.

WHY we love and why we hate,
 Is not granted us to know
 Random chance or wilful fate,
 Guides the shaft from Cupids bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
 'Tis madness all in me to grieve;
 Since her will is not her own
 Why should, I uneasy live,

If I for Zelinda die
 Deaf to poor Missella's cries
 Ask not me the reason why,
 Seek the riddle in the skies.

S O N G XCI.

HARK how the trumpet sounds to battle
 Hark how the thund'ring cannons rattle ;
 Cruel ambition now calls me away,
 While I have ten thousand soft things to say
 While honour alarms me.
 Young Cupid disarms me,
 And Celia so charms me ;
 I cannot away.

Hark again, honour calls me to arms,
 Hark how the trumpet sweetly charms
 Celia no more then must be obey'd
 Cannons are roaring and ensigns display'd
 The thoughts of promotion
 Inspire such a notion
 Of Celia's devotion
 I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celestial powers
 Ye gods, bless the nymph with happy soft hours ;
 O may she ever to love me incline,
 Such lovely perfections I cannot resign ;
 Firm constancy grant her,
 My true love shall haunt her
 My soul cannot want her
 She's all so divine.

S O N G X C I I .

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day
 Or the flow'ry meads in May;
 Yet if she think not well of me
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall a woman's goodness move
 Me to perish for her love;
 Or her worthy merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own
 Be she with that goodness blest
 As may merit name the best
 Yet if she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?
 Be she good, or kind or fair,
 I will never more despair
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die ere she shall grieve;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I will scorn and let her go
 So if she be not fit for me
 What care I for whom she be?

S O N G X C I I I .

As the snow in valleys lying,
 Phœbus his warm beams applying
 Soon dissolves and runs away
 So the beauties; so the graces
 Of the most bewitching faces,
 At approaching age decay

As a tyrant when degraded
 Is despis'd, and is upbraided

By the slaves he once control'd
So the nymph if none could move her
Is condemn'd by every lover
When her charms are growing old

Melancholic looks and whinning
Grieving, quarrelling, and pining.
Are th' effects your rigours move
Soft caresses am'rous glances,
Melting sighs, transporting trances,
Are th' blest'd effects of love.

Fair ones ! while your beauty's blooming
Employ time, lest age resum'g
What your youth profusely lends
You are robb'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories
To your unbelieving friends.

S O N G X C I V.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray,
Pursue, and seek her ev'ry lover
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wand'ring shepherdes discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes
And while she laughs at them forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

S O N G XCV.

DAMON, if you will believe me,
 'Tis not sighing round the plain
 Song nor sonnet can relieve ye,
 Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion,
 And be master of the field:
 To a powerful kind invasion,
 'Twere a madness not to yield.

Tho' she vows she'll never permit ye,
 Cries you're rude and much to blame
 And with tears implores your pity
 Be not merciful for shame.

When the fierce assault is over
 Chloris time enough will find,
 This her cruel furious lover,
 Much more gentle not so kind.

S O N G XCVI.

If she be not kind as fair,
 But peevish and unhandy
 Leave her she's only worth the care
 Of some spruce jack-a-dandy.

I would not have thee such an afs,
 Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure
 To sigh and whine for such a lass,
 Whose pride's above her pleasure.

S O N G XCVII.

HE.

AWAKE, thou fairest thing in nature,
 How can you sleep when day does break

How can you sleep my charming creature
When half a world for you are awake?

SHE.

What swain is this that sings so early,
Under my window by the dawn?

HE.

'Tis one dear nymph that loves you dearly
Therefore in pity ease my pain.

SHE.

Softly, else you'll wake my mother,
No tales of love she lets me hear;
Go tell your passion to some other,
Or whisper't softly in my ear.

HE.

How can you bid me love another,
Or rob me of your beauteous charms!
'Tis time you were wean'd from your mother,
You're fitter for a lover's arms.

S O N G XCVII.

In spite of love at length I've found
A mistress that can please me,
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day she'll ease me.
No jealous thoughts disturb my mind,
Tho's she's enjoy'd by all mankind;
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you, thro' all her naked charms,
Her little mouth discover,
Then take her blushing to your arms,
And use her like a lover;
Such liquor she'll distil from thence,
As will transport your ravish'd sense;
Then kiss and never spare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

But, best of all ! she has no tongue,
 Submissive she obeys me,
 She's fully better old than young,
 And still to smiling sways me ;
 Her skin is smooth, complexion black,
 And has a most delicious smack,
 Then kifs and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you her excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir ;
 Clap your hands about her waist,
 And raise her up behind, Sir ;
 As for her bottom never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out ;
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

S O N G X C I X .

O Surprising lovely fair !
 Who with Chloe can compare ?
 Sure she's form'd for beauty's queen,
 Her wit, her shape, her grace, her mein,
 By far excels all nymphs I've seen ;
 No mortal eye
 Can view her nigh.
 Too exquisite for human sight to see
 Tho' she ne'er may be kind,
 Nor for me e'er design'd,
 Yet I love, I love, I love,
 The charming she.

S O N G C .

WHEN bright Aurelia tript the plain,
 How chearful then were seen,
 The looks of every jolly swain,
 That strove Aurelia's heart to gain,
 With gambols on the green ?

Their sports were innocent and gay,
 Mix'd with a manly air;
 They 'd sing and dance, and pipe and play
 Each strove to please, some different way,
 'Tis dear enchanting fair.
 The ambitious strife she did admire,
 And equally approve,
 Till Phaon's tuneful voice and lyre,
 Which softest music did inspire
 Her soul to generous love.

Their wonted sports the rest declin'd,
 Their arts prov'd all in vain;
 Aurelia's constant now they find,
 The more they languish and repin'd,
 The more she loves the swain.

S O N G C I.

A Way, you rover,
 For shame give over;
 You play the lover
 So like an afs;
 You are for storming,
 You think you're charming,
 Your faint performing,
 We read in your face.

S O N G C I I.

He who for ever
 Wou'd hope for favour,
 He must endeavour
 No charm the fair;
 He dances, he dances,
 He da-a-a-a-a-ances,
 He sighs and glances,
 He makes advances,
 He sings and dances,
 And mends his air.

S O N G CIII.

GO, go, go, falsest of thy sex, be gone,
 Leave, leave, ah leave me, leave me to myself alone!
 Why would you strive by fond pretence,
 Thus to destroy my innocence?
 Go, go, &c.—leave, leave, &c.

Young Celia, you too late betray'd,
 Then thus you did the nymph upbraid,
 "Love, Like a dream usher'd by night,
 "Flies the approach of morning light."
 Go go; &c.—leave leave, &c.

She that believes man when he swears,
 Or least regards his oaths and prayers,
 May she, fond she, be most accurst;
 Nay more, be subject to his lust.
 Go, go, &c.—leave, leave, &c.

S O N G CIV.

BELINDA, with affected mein,
 Tries all the power of art;
 Yet finds her efforts all in vain,
 To gain a single heart;
 Whilst Chloe, in a different way,
 Is but herself to please,
 And makes new conquests every day,
 Without one borrow'd grace.

Belinda's haughty air destroys
 What native charms inspire;
 While Chloe's artless shining eyes
 Set all the world on fire;
 Belinda may our pity move;
 But Chloe gives us pain,
 And while she smiles us into love,
 Her sister frowns in vain.

S O N G C V.

On a bank of flowers,
In a summer-day,
Inviting and undress'd,
In her bloom of youth,
Fair Celia lay
With love and sleep oppress'd ;
When a youthful swain,
With admiring eyes,
Wish'd that he durst
The sweet maid surprise ;
With, fa, la, la, la, &c.
But fear'd approaching spies.

As he gaz'd,
A gentle zephyr arose,
That fann'd her robes aside :
And the sleeping nymph
Did the charms disclose,
Which waking she would hide ;
Then his breath grew short,
And his pulse beat high,
He long'd to touch
What he chanc'd to spy ;
With a fa, la,
But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood,
With her beauties fir'd,
And bless'd the courteous wind ;
'Then in whispers sigh'd,
And the gods desir'd,
That Celia might be kind ;
When with hopes grown bold
He advanc'd amain ;
But she laugh'd loud
In a dream, and again,
With a fa la, &c.
Repell'd the timorous swain.

Yet the amorous youth,
 To relieve his soft pain,
 The slumb'ring maid caress'd ;
 And with trembling hand
 (O simple poor swain !)
 Her glowing bosom press'd ;
 When the virgin awak'd,
 And affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing
 He wou'd pursue ;
With a fa la, &c.
 But Damon miss'd his cue.

New, now repenting,
 That he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd,
 What a dull and a stupid
 Blockhead was I,
 That such a chance abus'd ?
 To my shame 'twill now
 On the plains be said,
 Damon a virgin
 Asleep betray'd,
With a fa la,
 And let her go a maid.

S O N G C V I.

WHILE silently I lov'd nor dar'd
 To tell me of my crime aloud,
 The influence of your smiles I shar'd,
 In common with the crowd.

But when I once my flames express,
 In hopes to ease my pain,
 You singl'd me out from all the rest,
 The mark of your disdain.

If thus, Corrinna, you shall frown
 On all that I adore,
 Then all mankind must be undone,
 Or you must smile no more.

S O N G CVII.

Oh! happy happy grove,
 Witness of our tender love
 Oh! happy happy shade,
 Where first our vows were made:
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
 Looks would charm a Jove;
 A thousand pretty things she said
 And all—— and all was love.
 But Corrinna perjur'd proves
 And forsakes the shady groves;
 When I speak of mutual joys,
 She knows not what I mean;
 Wanton glances, fond caresses
 Now no more are seen
 Since the false deluding fair
 Has left the flow'r'y green
 Mourn ye nymphs that sporting play'd
 Where poor Strephon was betray'd
 There the secret wound she gave,
 When I was made her slave.

S O N G CVIII.

THE fages of old
 In prophecy told
 The cause of a nation's undoing
 But our new English breed
 No prophecies need,
 For each one here seeks his own ruin.

With grumbling and jars
 We promote civil wars

And preach up false tenets to many
 We snarl and we bite,
 We rail and we fight
 For religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend
 That's true to his friend
 And the church and the senate would settle:
 Who delights not in blood,
 But draws when he shou'd,
 And bravely stands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at kings,
 Nor politic things,
 Nor treason will speak when he's mellow
 But takes a full glass,
 To his country's success:
 This, this is an honest brave fellow.

S O N G C I X.

WE all to conquering beauty bow
 Its pleasing power admire
 But I ne'er knew a face till now
 That cou'd like yours inspire:
 Now I may say I met with one
 Amazes all mankind;
 And, like men gazing on the sun,
 With too much light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving sighs
 When longing lovers meet,
 Like the divining prophets wife;
 Like new-blown roses sweet
 Modest yet gay; reserv'd yet free
 Each happy night a bride;
 A mein like awful majesty,
 And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
Chaste, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life
And never thought it long:
Ah! were you to reward such care
And life so long would stay
Not fourteen but four hundred years
Would seem but as one day.

S O N G C X.

PRITHEE, Billy ben't so filly,
Thus to waste thy days in grief
You say, Betty will not let ye
But can sorrow bring relief?

Leave repining cease your whining
Pox on torment, tears, and wo.
If she's tender, she'll surrender;
If she's tough,—e'en let her go.

S O N G C X I.

KINDLY, kindly thus my treasure,
Ever love me ever charm;
Let the passion know no measure,
Yet no jealous fear alarm.
Why shou'd we, our bliss beguiling,
By dull doubting fall at odds?
Meet my soft embraces smiling
We'll be happy as the gods.

S O N G CXII.

A Sour reformation
 Crawls out thro the nation,
 While dunder head sages
 Who hope for good wages
 Direct us the way.
 Ye sons of the muses,
 Then cloack your abuses
 And lest you should trample
 On pious example,
 Observe and obey.
 Time-frenzy curers,
 And stubborn nonjurors
 For want of diversion
 Now scourge the lewd times
 They've hinted they've printed,
 Our vein it prophane is
 And worst of all crimes ;
 The clod pated railers,
 Smiths, coblers and coliers,
 Have damn'd all our ryhmes.

Under the notion,
 Of zeal for devotion,
 The humour has fir'd 'em,
 And malice inspir'd 'em,
 To tutor the age ;
 But if in season,
 You'd know the true reason
 The hopes of perferment.
 Is what makes the vermin
 Now rail at the stage
 Cuckolds and canters
 With scruples and banTERS
 Old Oliver's peal,
 Against poetry ring.

But let state revolvers,
And treason abfolvers
Excuse if I fing
The rebel that chufes
To cry down the mufes
Wou'd cry down the king.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.